To ſcarlet indignation and bedew,
Her paſtors graſſe with faithful Engliſh bloud.
North. The King of heauen forbid: our Lo: the king,
Should ſo with ciuill and vnciuil armes
Be ruſht vpon. Thy thriſe noble Cooſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the honourable tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands vpon your royal grandſires bones,
And by the royalties of both your blouds
Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honor of himſelfe,
Compriſing al that may be ſworne or ſayd,
His comming hither hath no further ſcope,
Then for his lineall royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy royal partie graunted once,
His glitterimg armes hee will commend to ruſt,
His barbed ſteeds to ſtables, and his heart
To faithful ſeruice of your Maieſty.
This ſweares hee, as hee is princeſſe iuſt,
And as I am a Gentleman I credit him.
King Northumberland, ſay thus the King returnes,
His noble Cooſin is right welcome hither,
And al the number of his faire demaundes
Shal be accompliſht without contradiction,
With all the gracious vtterance thou haſt,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
King We do debaſe our ſelues Cooſin, do we not?
To looke ſo poorely and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shal we cal backe Northumberland and ſend
Defiance to the traitor, and ſo die.
Aum. No good my Lord, lets fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful ſwords.
King Oh God, oh God that ere this tong of mine,
That laide the ſentence of dread baniſhment
On yon proud man ſhould take it off againe,
With words of ſooth! Oh that I were as great,

As is my griefe, or leſſer than my name!
Or that I could forget what I haue beene!
Or not remember what I muſt be now!
Swellſt thou (proud heart) Ile giue thee ſcope to beate,
Since foes haue ſcope to beate both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bullingbrooke.
King What muſt the King do now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhal do it: muſt he be depoſde?
The king ſhal be contented: muſt he looſe
The name of a King? a Gods name let it go:
Ile giue my iewels for a ſet of Beades:
My gorgeous pallas for a hermitage:
My gay apparel for an almeſmans gowne:
My figurde goblets for a diſh of wood:
My ſcepter for a Palmers walking ſtaffe:
My ſubiects for a paire of carued Saintes,
And my large kingdome for a litle graue,
A little little graue, an obſcure graue,
Or Ile be buried in the Kings hie way,
Some way of common trade, where ſubiects feete
May hourely trample on their ſoueraignes head;
For on my heart they treade now whilſt I liue:
And buried once, why not vpon my head?
Aumerle thou weepſt (my tender-hearted cooſin)
Weele make foule weather with deſpiſed teares;
Our ſighs and they ſhal lodge the ſummer corne,
And make a dearth in this reuolting land:
Or ſhal we play the wantons with our woes,
And make ſome prety match with ſheading teares,
And thus to drop them ſtill vpon one place,
Til they haue fretted vs a paire of graues
Within the earth, and therein laide; there lies
Two kinſmen digd their graues with weeping eies:
Would not this ill do wel? wel well I ſee,
I talke but idlely, and you laugh at me.
Moſt mightie Prince my Lord Northumberland,
What ſaies king Bullingbrooke, wil his maieſtie
Giue Richard leaue to liue till Richard dye,

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